SHAKER COLLECTION

Item 350 d2

Dec 4th 1848

Shaker Village

Much Respected Friend

In modest dress and simple tone
We venture now to write to one
Tho' high in rank doth seem to show
Respect and love for those who're low.
Low in esteem by those who disregreat,
And even such as many hate;
But who are favored to possess
Than all the world more happiness

Some years have passed since we became
Acquainted with thy lines and stanzas
'Twas thus our hearts were stir'd with love
For one who did the truth approve:
Again we're favored by a friend
With well-penned stanzas from thy hand
In pamphlet - also parting lines
Addressed to some our distant friends

And further, we have heard of thee
Thy kindness - hospitality;
Which we admire and e'er will bless
With feelings of true thankfulness
Such shall not lose the just reward
According to our Saviour's word:
Who give to Christ in his poor name
Bu poore remembered for the same

Not merely for the kindness shown
To one - our member which is known
But for the same to friend or foe
Our grateful feelings e'er would flow:
Permit us now respected friend
And invitation to extend
To visit at this our home
Where you shall meet a kind welcome

We're one with those whom you have seen
Have all one faith one King and Queen
Are happy here; contented too
And find our feasts constant and new
While much secluded from the throng
We've proper time to think upon
The goodness of our God above
His mercy and continued love

To meditate on those abroad
Who seemingly know not of God
Which calls our greatful feelings forth
For blessings we enjoy on earth
Mindfull we are of those who stand
Unprejudiced towards this band
Feeling that all have right to act
As faith and conscience may dictate

Thus, we perceive our friend to be
And such can judge impartially
Such are not duped by other men
But for themselves the truth can learn
Which we would never mask
In freedom thus our lines we've penned
Considering them unto a friend
Though small or great or even incorrect
Perhaps they'll show love and respect
And this is all we ask

To Eleazer Brimely
New York

from Mary Witcher

The Sluggards Prayer

I wish my sins were all confessed
I wish they were forgiven
I wish my soul had peace and rest
I wish to go to heaven
I wish I could take up my cross
And unto sin be dying
I wish I could obey the laws
And orders of Mt Zion

I wish my duty I could do
Just like a good believer

And not to be tormented so
With the compulsion fever
I wish I could be free indeed
I wish I could be humble
I wish I could obey my lead
And never fret or grumble

I wish I had a stable mind
And not so apt to waver
I wish I could be more resigned
I wish I could be clever
I wish I could subdue my tongue
And keep it in subjection
And when I speak of old or young
To show no disaffection

It is my prayer to be sincere
And in my lot contented
And if I say I'll go away
I wish to be prevented
Thus the poor sluggard gets along
And daily draws his rations
Still wishing right but doing wrong
A slave to his own passions

But after every pious wish
Perhaps the pious creature
Will dip his hand into the dish

And so turn out a traitor
Ah! shun this foolish lazy life
And be a good believer
Wake up be strong and let the strife
Be with the old deciever

Silent Harpers

While I reviewed the sacred page
A subject did my mind engage
Which caused my Muse to paint the same
And show from whence the subject came
An evil nation once arose
Who did the work of God oppose
And captives made of all the most
Who loved and feared the Lord the most

These captives were in bondage held
And by this nation were compelled
To yield submission to their cause
However repugnant to Gods laws
Why they were given up is plain
The laws of God did not maintain
Through disobedience to his word
This bondage they at length incured

While they in faithfulness remained
And in their land God's laws maintained
There they in freedom could rejoice
And praise the Lord with heart & voice
Their songs of joy in freedom rang
Ay with the harps and voice they sang
Their spirits felt quite at rest
For nothing could them ~~here~~ molest

But while in bondage the were held
To sing the could not be compelled
So by the river Babylon they
Sat down and wept in great despair
Their harps on willowy trees did hang
Which once in freedom sweetly rang
But here in silence most profound
A monstrous tyrant had them bound

And when required to sing a song
This tyrant had them bound so strong
They oft replied to this demand
How can we sing in a strange land
Though they would often set their face
And pray towards the holy place
Yet no relief could they so find
But under grief they long repined

So there's a type which we may see

Of those who are not yet made free
They're captivated by the foe
And in true freedom cannot go
A downcast feeling now prevails
And of true life the creature fails
So when their gifts they're called to bring
They are so bound they cannot sing

Then must be found some small excuse
Or they've no talents fit for use
When all the while they're held secure
And cruel bondage must endure
This tyrants chains they cannot break
Nor of true freedom can partake
While many voices freely ring
They still are bound they cannot sing

But this we know and always find
God will accept the willing mind
So if we try and do our best
And feel united with the rest
There is no tyrant can them bind
Nor in one gift will be behind
But if they're held by anything
'Tis bondage and they cannot sing

From whence then did the monster come
That he should always fetter some

For all have equal liberty
And by one spirit may be free
Its source is pride if I may tell
For fear they others cant excell
And this to bondage them will bring
They've so much pride they cannot sing

Some modest bashfulness will plead
And think from this they ~~cannot sing~~ can be freed
But when they've put away all pride
This bashful plea they'll lay aside
Like little children they will be
Who're loving simple kind and free
Who at a word will quickly spring
Such will not say they cannot sing

There's many ways old nature crooks
But as the tree there vain it looks
To see souls crowned with talents good
And never ever them use as they should
To see them hold their peace in praise
In vanity their voices raise
Such never will true offerings bring
For they are vain they cannot sing

This is the cause why oft we hear
So many say they are in fear

'Tis pride that old deceitful imp
That makes them stumble halt and limp
'Tis slavish fear 'tis all a cheat
'Tis only fear that soon will beat
There's many subjects Ride the king
That rules them so they cannot sing

13th

They cannot sing they've got a cold
They cannot sing they are too old
They cannot sing it hurts their lungs
They cannot sing they've got thick tongues
They cannot sing their teth are out
They cannot sing they are not stout
They cannot sing they've often tried
The reason is they've so much pride

14th

Such vain excuses many plead
That they from singing may be freed
And think by those that he'll escape
And nowise lose his handsome shape
For if we should these things believe
He would escape and none deciere
I turn'd to sympathetic feelings being
And we might say they cannot sing

15

But here another crook comes in
Which Arnion never seems to win

But it disgusting to the meek
Who wish all times the truth to speak
From those who've voices loud and clear
This modest falsehood oft we hear
I am no singer still they know
No one believes that they are so

From this what shall we now infer
'Tis not indulgence they demur
For they expect soon to appear
A handsome singer loud and clear
What reason then can be assigned
(or words can't here express the mind
It is a link in nature's ways
that tries to win a little praise)

They wish to be united strong
Before they strike upon a song
And think it honor to refrain
To be solicited again
But honor so they cannot find
'Tis only found by those who mind
And nothing will true union bring
But when they're asked to freely sing

Counsel to the Youth

Silver and gold have I none but such as I have give I thee

Such as I have give I to thee
What else can I impart
A little counsel take dear youth
Sue nearest to my heart

The path from youth to manhood
Observing men do say
With greatest danger always fraught
Of all lifes thorny way

Then hearken children dear to me
The truth will convey
For easy 'twill your pathway make
Ocast it not away

Once I was young but now am old
The narrow path have trod
And can with boldness testify
It is the way of God

This narrow path do walk with care
In prayer and truth
Direct to your lead in all you do
Ye my beloved youth

A precious Lead in Zion set
In innocence and truth
By wisdom they were given
To leave to them in purity
They'll lead you safe to heaven

Although with thieves you chance to fall
And do receive much harm
Go to your lead with contrite heart
They have the healing balm

If to the mountains giddy height
We are in spirit led
Remember, O remember do
You have much there to dread

The wind of folly sin and pride
So furiously do blow
So many precious youth I've seen
Has been their overthrow

Upon the last mountains height
To Jesus was made known
Ten world in all their glorious charms
In colors [illegible] shown

Then tarry not on mountains height
But hasten to the [illegible]

Where vain and carnal reasoning
Your mind cannot assail

Where gospel fruits and flowers grow
Of every shade and hue
Give to the weary pilgrim strength
His journey to persue

Your time and talents great and small
Whatever they may be
Consecrate them to the Lord
In low humility

If you're not wholly given up
In body and in mind
When e'er the Lord his jewels make
You will be left behind

From condemnation and remorse
You cannot turn aside
On rock and mountains you will call
Your spirit for to hide

But this most dreadful picture now
No further I'll persue
The blessings for the faithful soul
Are what I have in view

Of one deprecating trait in youth
In love I'll speak against
Tho it may feel a little harsh
You will not take offence

A disrespectful haughty sense
Unwilling to be taught
Till by their disobedience
There're in great trouble brought

This wayward vexing spirit vile
To hold it well in check
To all of God's creation give
Their proper due respect

O soothe the anxiety which remain
In their declining years
In lowliness of spirit go
And crave their fervant prayer

Their love and blessing gain Again
A treasure it will be
For you to give to other souls
As they have given free

Unto the little living ones
A beacon you must be

To guide their feeble minds aright
In paths of purity

By your example lead them on
In tenderness and love
To mansions pure and joys sublime
As spotless as a dove

A cheerful youth I like to see
And pleasant everyday
And in a proper time and place
I love to see them play

In time of meeting and at meals
The fear of God do keep
All fun and frolic then reject
If you'd his blessings reap

The Lord will surely bless the young
The lambkins of the flock
Who do good order daily keep
And in obedience walk

All those who've firmly from their youth
A daily cross maintained
No object can be found on earth
Their glory to withstand

The prophets and apostles oft
Did use their utmost skill
The blessings to portray for those
Who do God's holy will

The promises of Jesus Christ
And blessed Mother Ann
What greater could have given out
To poor benighted man

An hundred fold while here in time
If all we will forsake
And in the world to come we shall
Eternal life partake

Then set ye out with courage new
The gospel race to run
For there's a crown hangs ready now
For all who've overcome

Such youth the Lord will surely bless
Such youth our Parent own
Such youth the angels will confess
Before God's Holy throne
But this most pleasant picture
No further I'll unroll
But will conclude by saying this
The half cannot be told

Written for and Read at Eldress Betsey Bates'
Funeral

We sorrow not as with despair, Though heavy grief we undergo,
We, in our heavenly fare repose, Bow to and take the cross below;
'Tis God's own gift that gives relief, And meets the anguish that we feel
Our Mother now will love not mourn; Her life shall be an angel still
Her prayers for us that fourty years have burn Shall keep us in the right
Shall keep the walls of Zion strong And ward off every worldly thing;
Reveal the source of hidden wrong, And judgment to the sinner bring;
She loves the holy cause on earth And she will send the strength thereby
Her hand will train each plant of worth, And help purify to rest from the weedy
As in a time to sow and reap; Our common sorrow blends our hearts;
The heavy burden that we share, A weight of love in parts.
We feel our union, sacred bond! We feel a love that cannot die;
We see the heavenly life beyond; The trials that before us lie.
O Mother! Thou has glided o'er, The mirky, soundless deep!
We stand upon its shadowy shore, And bless the while we weep;
The angels lift the clouds of earth, And show the glories of that place
Where bloom the flowers of heavenly birth, Where we shall meet thee face to face

Written for Eldress Betsey Bates (after her decease)
and Read at her Funeral Mar 5th 1867

A parent form is from our circle gone
And we. Alas! are left our loss to mourn:
The form is gone! the spirit lingers yet;

"How can I leave what I cannot forget?"

Methinks I feel the touch; the sound I hear,
Brethren and Sisters to you I'm near;
My earthly form consign to silent tomb,
But with you still my spirit finds a home;
O faithful Ones, with whom I've shared my care,
Hark for a moment, and with patience hear;
Joyful I tell you that my soul finds rest;
I meet my blessed Mother; I am blest.
For many years 'tis been my earnest care
For this eventful moment to prepare:
The time has come; thank God! I'm ready found;
Earth, I can leave thee; Friends, to you, Adieu
O! Elders, Brethren, Sisters, every one
Repare! prepare to find your spirit home!
No sacrifice I've ever made in vain
No selfdenying act now gives me pain;
No rigid cross against a carnal life
Brings sorrow that I've entered in the strife;
Onay, dear friends, my Mother says to me.
My little child I find it well with thee.
Young people dear, my sympathetic prayers
Is for your welfare; of earth 'tis the share,
Flee, flee the shadows of a worldly scene;
Obey the law by Jesus sent for your defense;
Cleave to your Elders, all your sins confess;
Thus you will grow in grace & holiness;

Renounce all worldly vanity and pride.
And safely in the Lord's Pavilion hide.
Dear gospel kindred on Thee mercy I wait,
Take, take my offering nor my loss bewail;
God's will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven!
Be this your prayer; In meekness strength is given
Remember still the ark of God must rest
Amid your tents; In blessing you are blest.
Stretch not a hand to steady it; but pray,
That Wisdom guide it in Her right heavy way.
Accept my thanks; Each precious form I see,
For all your many favors done for me
For me a small name I am but one of you;
The order is the point from which I view.
Yea every understanding act of Love
Done to God's Order. Mother does approve,
And like the cup to the deceiver given,
Becomes your joining to the saints in heaven.
Farewell loved ones I must bid you adieu,
The curtain fully which parts me from your view
I hear the summons and the call obey,
To join my Parents in eternal day.
Farewell dear friends; the struggle is severe,
For me to leave; while you're remaining here.
With courage toil; the faithful all will come
Where we shall meet in a blest happy home.

Wooden Thunder

As I have had a privilege a few evening since of opening my mind in meeting by way of thanksgiving concluded I request in relation to unnecessary noise in the dwelling houses; I cannot feel satisfied to drop the subject here, but wish to show the necessary cause for which these noises may be and still are multiplied, as follows:

Now in this dwelling house & kitchen, there are 56 doors for the convenience of different apartments, these doors are passed and repassed through more than two thousand times in a day, being opened and shut by them that have some fear and care with respect; but by them that have neither fear nor care with a bang like a clap of thunder.

Now these noise makers are so accustomed to making a noise they are not judges of noise, - they cannot even distinguish between a big noise and a little one any more than a man in the woods in the time of a tempest can distinguish which tree makes the loudest noise in falling, for with him it is all one.

So much for an introduction to noise; now I will proceede and show the noise.

There are twenty three fires kept which all require at least two armsfull of wood a day for each fire. Where there are forty six armsfull of wood which must be brought into this house in a day, either for fires

a wrestler carefully or thrown without inside the box or
on the floor and make as many clapt of wooden trunks
as there are arrants of wood every one serving the warehouse
Each of these fires must be recruited at least five times
a day so these boxes must be visited at least one
hundred and fifteen times in a day, either to take
out the wood stick by stick carefully or else to ransack
or rustle the whole pile till the whole house is filled
with the racket. Now add to all this the countless
variety of noises that happen every day such as
moving chairs, benches, tables, pots, kettles, tubs,
buckets, & a hundred other things some necessary
and some unnecessary. Last of all add to the music
more than forty thousand steps a day of Brethren
and Sisters across these floors some with a little
care and softness others like horses in a barn floor
in threshing time. Now amidst all these variety of noise
who is able to tell how long a time from 4 o'clock in the
morning till eleven in the evening it must be kept
in silence; and after all this supposing all of us
or a part of us should set upon our wills that we are
not going to learn anything further in these notions
but we mean to sleep as we please Wif this carnal mind
prevail in so large a family as this, I can say from one
in solemn fear I would desire but one more noise
to make a complete bedlam, & that would be a drum
to beat the long roll continually to drown & confound

those unnecessary, unreasonable, unnatural, unreasoning, unchristian & ungodly noises and appear supposible to consolidate them into one into on horrid sound of confusion. But as one of old said, "But beloved we are persuaded better things of you though we speak thus to you."
And now I want you to know I am not so much annoyed as you may suppose, I love to hear a noise. I love to hear a grist mill, a sawmill, a fulling mill, and all such kind of noises as these, but I hate to hear a fool cracking a whip. I love to see a beautiful brother or sister stepping across the room with a soft elastic step & when they come to a door to know that it is a door that they have got to pass through & turn their face to it & shut it easy, but I hate to see a rum nosed brother or sister thumping across the floor clump clump **Clump**, and when they get to the door not thinking whether it is a door or a pair of bars or whether they are going into another room or into the field, and when they get through turn back & bang it after them without one thought of what they are about.
Now perhaps some will be offended at me for being so plain and blunt on these matters, but I suppose you know I dont care for that & perhaps some may think it means me well if it does it will please me very much if you will quit it & if it does not mean

son then you are safe enough. But to take off all occasions of hard feeling against me I will not set the examples and you may follow me if you please

I honestly confess before you my brethren and sisters it means me and I solemnly declare that I will quit it & I will keep the ordes of the gospel as it has been taught us from the beginning I will walk softly I will be careful in opening & shutting the doors and every thing that I put into my hand and if every one in the family would do this we should soon feel the glory of God all over the house every door would shine in Glory to God every woodbat would open it mouth and cry peace peace and abundance of peace and every step across the floor would proclaim that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleantness and all her paths are peace

If any one thinks I have exagirated these things let him come to me and I will convince him that I have but little more than half wrote them

The above was composed by
Issachar Bates the day he was 76 years old
January 29th 1834

Scene on the Mount of Olives.

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives"

Matt. chap. 26 v. 30

He stood — that meek and lowly One —
Where nightly chill dews had wet
The velvet turf that crowned the brow
Of beauteous Olivet.

The swallow in her downy nest,
Her gentle wing hath furled,
Yet, homeless and betrayed, behold
Behold the Savior of the world.

Around him were the faithful few,
Who owned him as their Lord,
And looked beyond this transient life,
To win a blest reward.

Then closer to his Masters side,
The ardent Peter drew prest,
With him who at their solemn feast,
Had leaned on Jesus breast.

What means that deeply mournful gaze,
As if His eye would read
The inner thoughts of every heart
In this His hour of need.

Alas! He knew that from his cup
Humanity would shrink —
That he must drink alone the draught
He would for others drink.

Yet no reproving word or glance
Had His Disciples met
For to his chosen, erring ones,
His bosom yearneth not.

"All you shall be offended now!
For in the word 'tis written,
The sheep shall all be scattered when
Their Shepard shall be smitten."

"Though all should be offended Lord
A manly voice replied"
"One faithful heart will cling to thee
One form be at thy side."

"Before the herald of the morn
Shall twice announce the day,
Thou, Peter, shalt deny me thrice,
Thrice turn thyself away."

But yet, the more vehemently,
That zealous one replied —

"Though I should die with thee my Lord,
Thou shalt not be denied."

They came, but not at Jesus feet
To sit with placid mein,-
They came, not as to Solomon
Did Sheba's far-famed Queen.

They came with torches, sword and stave,
A fierce banditti they.
And fearless stood the Prince of Peace
Amid those maddened men.

One presses foremost in the crowd-
Oh, has it come to this,
That he who with his Savior knelt
Betrays Him with a kiss!

The stillness of a summers night
Reigns on Mount Olives brow;
The ruffain band have borne away
Their willing prisoner now.

Within the high priest's palace walls
A thousand torches shone,
And there amid a perjured throng
The Savior stood - alone.

Alone? where is the dauntless one,
Who fear of death defied -
Bound by his plighted faith to stand
Or fall at Jesus feet aside.

One hour before, high Heaven heard
And registered that vow.
Alone? - in danger and alone?
Where is the fearless now?

We pause. O'er the repenting one
Be pity's mantle thrown;
A look was more than he could bear
Oh cast not thou a stone.

But if a fear to own thy Lord,
Has o'er thy spirit crept -
If thou hast erred as Peter erred,
O weep as Peter wept.

Home Journal.

The World

The world is seldom what it seems
To man who dimly sees it,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams, realities.

Hope.

Why should we drain the bitter cup?
Why will we woo despair?
Above the darkening thunder cloud,
The sun is shining fair.

Though clouds and storms obscure our path,
The way may toilsome be,
And our frail bark seems wrecked and lost
On life's uncertain sea.

Though severed, all the ties of love,
This thought should keep us calm,
That not a stroke from justice falls,
But mercy guides the arm.

Why grovel then with downcast eyes?
Our sorrows transient are;
See, bursting through the clouds of night
Bright Hope's effulgent star!

God sends us trials on our way,
For pleasure clogs the senses;
Then let us trust his goodness still,
With smiling confidence.

Slander

A fearful cloud was gathering
I scarcely saw it rise
Till it obscured my pathway,
And blackened all my skies.
And threw its vengence round me
With such malicious art,
I sat'd in fearful wonder,
Whence comes the fatal dart?
My prompter quickly pointed
To direful scenes below,
And said the "Slander Spirit"
Is in the earth you know.

Behold her dark abode up!
How hideous and how black!
There's Envy, Malice, Hatred,
All following in her track,
Destruction is her handmaid,
And falsehood is her guide,
And all the evil Genii
In her pavillion hide
And execute her orders
With faithfulness and zeal,
And throw a barrier round her
Imperious as steel

She aims her deadliest views
At most unsullied fame
With such disguised hypocrisy
You scarcely would her blame
No virtue can withstand her
No purity of heart
Indeed the most deserveing
Oft feel her keenest dart
And writhe beneath her torture
Ere they suspect the cause,
Thus speaks my faithful prompter
Of the spirit and her laws

I was startled and astonished
Yet still I hoped and thought
That when the slander spirit
Before the public brought
Calumniating rumors
She soon would silenced be
By a discerning public
When common sense could see
But oh how disappointed
I seamed down by so
When slander tells a story
The Public make it Go

Justitia

Charity Begins At Home. 9

Judge not another - look within;
There you 'll find enough of sin;
Weeds luxuriant, rank and wild,
Many a thought by sin defiled;
Many a fretful, peevish feeling,
O'er our better nature stealing;
Many a cold ungrateful look
Warm affection scarce can brook;
Many a harsh, unfeeling word,
Heart piercing as a sharpened sword,
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another, for you 'll find
In dark recesses of the mind;
Hidden by self esteem from view,
Seen by others - not by you,
Follies that make you blush when seen
By the light of conscience faithful beam
Drag the intruders forth to light,
And judge them by that standard bright
Banish the beam before you try
To force the mote from another's eye
Ah! look within thou needst not roam
For charity begin at home

Judge not another — keep in mind
The golden rule for all mankind;
Whene'er you're tempted to expose
Another's follies think of those
That lurk within, the wish repress
Your scorn of others to express
Whene'er to ridicule inclined,
Ah think how sensitive the mind;
Perhaps that very moment, too,
Some one may be despising you.
Ah! look within, there need is not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another — keep in mind,
The judgement ye to others mete,
Shall be returned to you complete.
Cease then all judging till you find
No trace of error in thy mind;
Then you will never judge again,
For error ye shall still retain;
Till all your babes cease to beat,
With error you'll be found replete.
Ah look within, there need is not roam,
For charity begins at home.

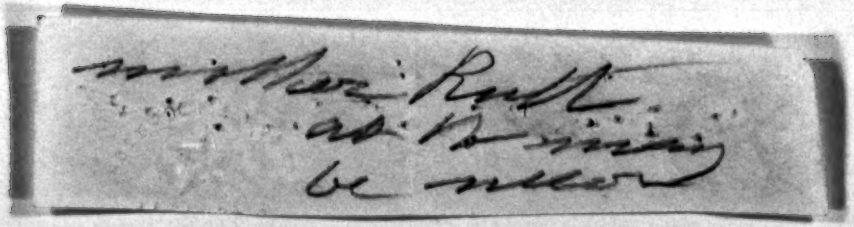
SHAKER COLLECTION

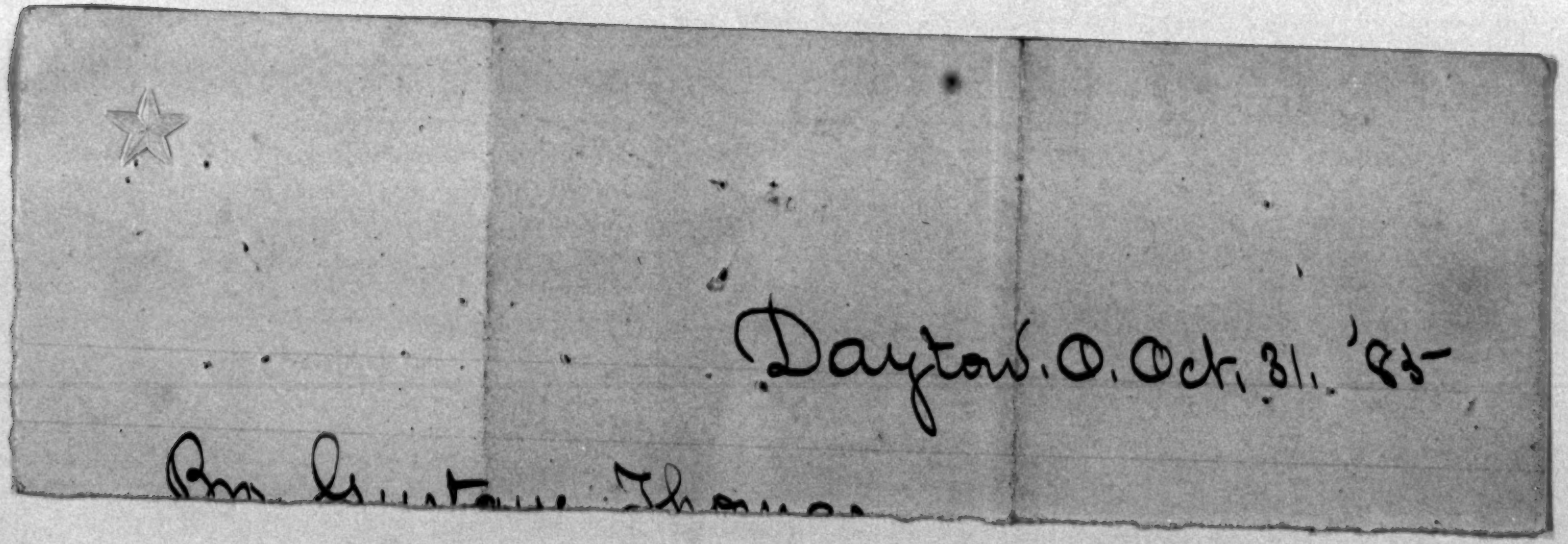
Item 350 d3

This towel was spun and wove in the year
1819 by Mother Ruth Farrington who came
to Union Village to stand as the first
female leader in the ministerial lot
with Father David Darrow May 31st 1806.
In her company at this date to Union
Village from Mount Lebanon N. Y.
were four brethren and six sisters.
It is said that it did not take Mother
Ruth long to spin a web of linen and
weave it too

A present to eldress Elizabeth Downing
of Union Village, Warren Co. Ohio.
August 14th 1893. With a request
to have it retained in the Ministeri
al order at Union Village Warren Co
Ohio. Through all time.

I must compare
this with mine &
have other about





Dayton. O. Oct. 31. '83-

her children while on their pilgrimage through this world; but on all occasions the remembrance of Mother will be refreshing and her love be life to the soul.

Through all her afflictions she maintained unshaken confidence in God. Approach her when you would, a pleasant smile sat on her countenance, and always ready to minister good to her children. She would often recollect over her travel and labor in the work of God, and how thankful she was for the gospel and what God had done for her. That she had never flinched the cross of Christ from the beginning of her faith in his second appearing. That although she was weak in body she felt no ways alarmed at the approach of death, but was willing to be released when her work was done here. She attended to order strictly to the last as far as it was in her power. As long as she was able to get out of bed she would go to the table with the rest of the ministry: for in the order of God she said she felt the greatest blessing, and so continued to the last, a perfect pattern of gospel virtue and holiness.

Mother Ruth was among the first who set

out in the gospel in America and had been an eye witness of the travels and sufferings of the first witnesses who planted the gospel in the East.

She was early called to bear burdens - was the first "Elder Sister" in the Church, in the same lot with Father David (Darrow) for many years at New Lebanon, before they came to this country: which gave her a perfect understanding of the work of God from the beginning, and rendered her preeminently qualified as a help to Father David to lay the foundation and establish Church order in this western country, which lot she filled to the satisfaction of all concerned until her work was finished. These lines were written as a faint tribute to her memory by Ashbel Kitchel."

(Attended at her funeral hymn. thus)

Mother Ruth's Memorial, who deceased October. 26, 1821. aged fifty-eight years six months.

Our precious Mother now is gone to rest!
Our first beloved Mother in the west; -
This lovely star hath set in calm repose!
Yea, Mother's days on earth are at a close.

2

The heavens and earth did certainly unite;
To burn and ornament this star of light;

Yet all her natural beauty has to fade,
And in the tomb her body must be laid.

3

Heart-rending thought! Is Mother really gone?
And is her work on earth forever done?
All nature sure might wear a mournful gloom,
While Mother's corpse moves to the silent tomb.

4

Yea, she has passed the everlasting door—
And now her lovely face we'll see no more,
Nor hear the gentle sound of Mother's feet,
Till a world of spirits we do meet.

5

But with her spirit we can never part—
She has a place in every honest heart;
And that eternal treasure she did gain,
With all her faithful children will remain.

6

The treasure she received from her Lord,
She freely ministered in word and deed—
Her life, her all she freely did bestow,
Which in her children now must live and grow.

7

Her bright example was without a stain—
Her manners free, her conversation plain—

Sharp in reproving, yet in spirit kind,
To cheer and animate the applicted mind.

8

Her patience under sufferings has been great;
Such sufferings as no mortal can relate;
Through which she mark'd that strait and narrow road,
Which has convey'd her safely home to God.

9

What now remains for us that are behind,
But to unite in Mother's heavenly mind?
To bear a faithful cross and travel on
To that eternal rest where Mother's gone.

(The author's name of the above hymn is not given.)

It is said that when Father made the opening address at Mother's funeral he sprinkled her coffin with his tears. — portraying her useful and beautiful life; together with the comfort and support she had been to him in bearing the burdens of the Church since first they were placed in the same lot: and especially of laying the foundation of Mother's goodness in this western country.

Furthermore it is said that Father always prefered Mother's judgment to his own in spiritual wisdom, and largely depended

All strife and contention be banished forever,
And that you be joined and united in one.
~~Remember yours~~ 8
Remember your union will be your protection;
And when you perceive where my mantle has fell,
I hope one and all will come into subjection,
And so with this prospect, I bid you farewell.

Richard Mc, Semar.

Next in order in the old book comes up a sketch of Mother Ruth Farrington's decease. Copied from Abbel ~~Kelly~~ Kelchels journal, it is said, and reads thus—

"Mother Ruth Farrington departed this life between twelve and one o'clock this morning—(October 26, 1821.—) by a lingering disease, the dropsy, under which she had suffered for more than a year, beyond what can be expressed, which she bore with unexampled patience and fortitude and gave to the last the indisputable evidence of her soul being redeemed to God and delivered from the effects of the fall.

Her life and conversation, her precepts and example truly will not be forgotten by

obeying her faith unmolested by her
father and other relatives
Upon marriage thereafter Nancy
X Harlan joined her mother at
South Union where the mother and
two daughters lived until death
They were all three talented in a high
degree useful members in society
and beloved by all with whom they were
associated. It is said that
Nancy Bedie was a most beautiful
woman to look upon and of gentle
and sweet disposition. After she
was nearly years of age — and blind,
she knit one hundred pair of mittens
in a year. A pair of these mittens
I have seen which she gave to one of
our brethren while at South Union
on a visit. They were knit double
or "double mitten" as they are called
and were bleached in variegated colors
and without mistake in design.

S C Liddell

their instruments of music in the form of tin pans and copper pots dressed upon by table spoons

The daring band of young musicians so exhilerated the horses that they snapped every one his bridle and made off in droves towards Lebanon Their avaricious owners seized by the alarm dropped the persuading hand at the Centre house to pursue the [illegible] animals in hot haste leaving hard words reverberating in the dusty almost where after them. angry in the Over By sundown the lawless rabble had all departed from the premises.

Sandy having been forewarned of her husbands scheme in getting possession of his family had prior to its execution and on her own responsibility forwarded her two youngest children a son and a daughter to South Union whence the son followed them Harriet the eldest daughter then of age meanwhile escaped to Boston to secure to herself the privilege and enjoyment of

By undivided all land
departed from the
premises & James Bank
had made reconcilia
tion with his Family &
the children not to
further molest them

From Mother Ruth to Susanna Liddil

Now my little girl Mother has given me a privilege to write this letter to you. and I hope it will be a strength to you, that you may be able to persevere in Mothers work. I know it is your intention to bear your cross; and this is the reason that I have taken pains to write this little letter to you, for I feel like helping you all the time, and doing all I can to encourage you, and make your way easier. And I am thankful to see that you are willing to yield subjection to your ~~elders~~ leaders for there you will be protected. Now Susanna I am going to tell you a few things, which I believe you will be pleased to hear. When Mother called you in the gospel to walk the ~~straight~~ and narrow road, you heard her voice and obeyed it. And I was called to watch over you and protect you, and keep you in the pretty path; and it was my daily labor to do it. Yea I was called to leave my friends and home and go to a strange land. I was obedient and went, and helped gather in souls and lay the foundation. Yea, and I helped clean and purify this church, until it looked like a pure and holy place for a while. And I gathered the souls of those that I called so near to mine, that they almost felt like my own soul. Yea I dearly loved them, and I felt their love flowing to me all the time. Yea, many times have I kneeled down and prayed hour after hour that holy Angels might protect you, and keep out all evil spirits. That there might no one get in to disturb you. And after I was called to leave you O how it grieved me to see so many souls that I had called, be so unwise as to leave the fold of protection. Yea, it grieved me, and many times have I looked on those that had stayed in the fold, but was not willing to be obedient, and would slight the orders I had placed, because I was not with them. And many times have I seen those that were laboring to be obedient and follow the examples I had set, weep bitterly because of the disobedience. Yea, and O how many times have I seen you in lonely places crying, and with these thoughts. O if I could just get to see the glimpses of Mother Ruth, how thankful I would be. O I would be willing to do anything on earth, if I could just get to hear her voice as I have once. And then you would weep harder than ever, with these thoughts. O my Mother, my Mother, my Mother is gone. O can I ever get to see her face again, Yea, many times have you been thinking this, and weeping so bitterly. I have been with you and tried to cheer you, and make you feel comfortable. But it would be in vain, for you would look round and think, O this church is going to destruction on account of having no mother O if I could be called off this moment how thankful I would be

Now Susanna I will stop this subject, for those times are gone and tell you something that will encourage you to persevere in Mothers work. And it is this; If you will be faithful and never cease until you gain your souls salvation; you shall not live and shine with me and I will lead you to living springs and living beautiful waters, and feed you on heavenly things. Yea, and all the rest of those that I called, shall yet dwell and live with me: but it will be a good while before some are ready; and I want those that were called when you was, that have staid, to be faithful: and that will entice those that are further off. Now Susanna I want you to know, that although I was called out of your sight. I never have left you, and you have never been out of my sight, but I have been with you and helped you a great deal. And many times when I have been with you, I have tried to make you feel and sense me; but you did not know it. Yea, I have been with you and wept with you, many times when you would be in deep tribulation of soul.

Now Susanna I have a very pretty little present for you if you will receive it. It is a little chain, the links are the links of my love, And when you read this letter I will be with you, and stand at your right side. and I want you to take out this chain, and ask your elders to encircle you, with them, in this chain. Now I have another little present, which I want to give you. It is a little hymn. It is a very beautiful song to march. —

I love to march in the beautiful path; with Mothers pretty bright Angels. O dont you hear the heavenly sound. it is Mothers trumpet a blowing. And holy Angels do sing aloud, and praise our blessed Mother. —

Now Susanna I want you to receive my best love and good wishes, for your prosperity in the gospel. ———

Mother Ruth

To Susanna Liddell

W.

Ohio